

ESCAPADE

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SIX ARTICLES

How Not To Go To Pot	PERRY LAKIN	11
Escapade Visits Ohio State University	JOHN F. SZWED	12
Puck's Bad Boy	DONALD BENSON	24
Storyville	A. P. GOVONI	40
"My Type Runneth Over"	MARVIN KITMAN	49
Coming Soon: Smell-O-Vision	ROBERT G. ELLIOTT	57



6

FOUR SHORT STORIES

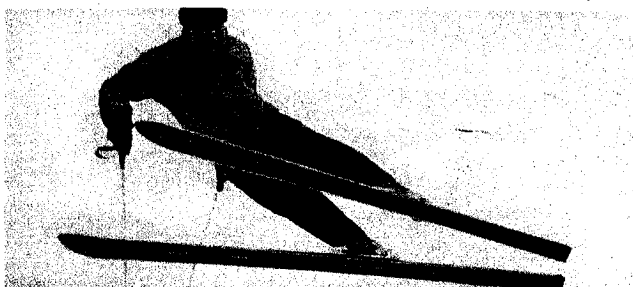
A Sound Of Screaming	ALSTON ANDERSON	2
A Billfold Of Bread, A Spot Of Pot, And Thou	ROBERT G. ELLIOTT	22
Fly By Night	JACK RITCHIE	45
The Game	LIONEL OLAY	54



12

SEVEN PICTORIAL FEATURES

Test Shots	6
20 Steps On My Road To Despair	17
St. Tropez Of The Snow	26
Small Plus	35
Then And Now	46
Big Blast In Nevada	58
Beauty From Biloxi	61



26

DEPARTMENTS

Barbs And Balm	65
The Last Word	JACK KEROUAC 72



40

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54

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58

FLY
BY
NIGHT

THE SUN set at six-thirty. Usually I don't get up for another hour or two, but this time I pushed back the heavy lid and climbed out.

I felt through the sifted earth at the bottom of my coffin and found four large stones. I cursed in Hungarian and tossed them into the waste basket.

The phone rang a few minutes later.

Maria's voice was honey sweet. "How did you rest during the day?"

I rubbed my back. "That was a dirty gypsy trick. Typical of your low breeding."

She clicked her tongue. "At least the stones were smooth. See how considerate I am?"

"Whether you are considerate or not no longer interests me. Be good enough to return the key to this apartment."

"Did you miss me this last week?"

"No. When you took your mother earth and moved out, that ended that."

"But, Michael," Maria said with just a touch of desperation. "After all these years you can't just call things off with a snap of your fingers."

"I've put up with your temper tantrums for 212 years, but enough is enough." I hung up.

I tinkered with my hi-fi until about nine and then got dressed to go out. The moon was just touching the Flatiron building. It was a nice night for flying, but the condition of my back made me decide to take the subway instead.

Uncle Georgi was in the rear of the car I entered and he rose as I approached. "Michael."

I wrung his hand with both of mine. "It's been two years, Uncle Georgi."

We sat down beside each other. "You're feeling better now?" I asked.

He nodded. "Modern science is wonderful. Just a few shots and I was as good as old."

"We have to be careful," I said.

He nodded again and tapped the small black case on his lap. "Now I carry my own Wasserman kit. Always I make sure before I take."

He leaned closer and lowered his voice. "Have you heard about your cousin Istvan?"

I shook my head. "He hasn't written in months."

Uncle Georgi's face saddened. "He is gone."

I was shocked. "How did it happen?"

He sighed. "It was in Milwaukee. Istvan was waiting in a girl's apartment while she was in her bedroom dressing. He thought he might as well read a magazine to while away the time and so he turned on a convenient lamp." Uncle Georgi shook his head. "Unfortunately it was a sun lamp. When the girl entered the living room, she found nothing but fine ash and gold fillings where poor Istvan had been sitting."

Uncle Georgi resumed his usual cheerful expression. "But enough of sad things. How have you been?"

"Uncle Georgi," I said, "I am in love."

He rubbed his chin and spoke cautiously. "With Maria, of course."

"No," I said firmly. "We are separated for eternity."

His eyes clouded reminiscently. "I, myself, shall never forget Helena. We were happy together in Rumania for 270 years and then I made the mistake of allowing her to go to visit relatives here in America. It was her misfortune to choose the Titanic for the crossing. She made the lifeboats, but of course it was useless when dawn came. Naturally she hadn't been able to have her most important baggage put in the lifeboat with her."

"The name of the girl I love is Susie O'Connor," I said.

He wrinkled his brow. "O'Connor? I do not believe I know any O'Connors."

"She isn't one of us," I said. "She dances in the chorus of a Broadway musical." I leaned closer to Uncle Georgi. "It is, of course, tragic about Istvan. But that does leave an opening in the American area, doesn't it?"

Uncle Georgi nodded. "Yes. But if you are thinking of making this Miss O'Connor one of us, I must tell you that we have several applications before the Quota Committee already. They must take precedence."

I smiled. "We are relatives, Uncle Georgi. Surely you could pull a few strings?"

He thought it over. "I suppose I have a few favors coming. I've been Chairman of the Quota Committee for twenty-seven years now, and believe me it's a thankless job." He looked at me. "This Miss Susie O'Connor. You are sure she will be agreeable to the change?"

"I'm working on that now, Uncle Georgi. I met her only last week. So far she isn't quite convinced that I really am a vampire."

I got up. "This is my station. Goodbye, Uncle Georgi, and good appetite."

I walked about two blocks until I came to a dark street. Then I flew up alongside one of the apartment buildings, gliding past open windows in a survey.

I finally settled on a healthy-looking young man who was snoring loudly. He was still snoring when I left.

His type must have been B, because I felt more refreshed than usual. B seems to do more for me than any of the others.

It was only ten and Susie's (Continued on page 48)

play didn't end until after midnight, so I went to Twenty One where I'd been spending time the last week and ordered a Bloody Mary.

Maria came into the place on the arm of a big young man half an hour later. After a while she found some excuse to leave her table and came to me.

Her green eyes met mine. "You look pale, Michael. Are you sure you've been feeding regularly?"

"I just finished, thank you," I said stiffly.

I looked at the table where her escort was drinking soda and ice. "Aren't you robbing the cradle, my dear? He can't be over twenty-five."

She smiled and touched her lustrous raven hair. "You know very well we have no chronological age. I was twenty-one when you made me a vampire."

I smiled thinly. "As with all women, you have the tendency to forget what you wish to. You were twenty-one when I made you. You were twenty-seven when I made you a vampire."

She regarded me coldly. "How is Susie?"

"Ah, ha," I said. "You've been following me."

"She has an atrocious accent."

I sipped my drink. "You forget that you had an equally horrible bar aszd way of talking when I rescued you from the vineyards. It was ten years before I dared present you to the right people in Budapest."

She dismissed that. "But I suppose you're not interested in her accent?"

"Of course not," I said. "She's kind, sympathetic, understanding, and she has an even temper."

"There's no substitute for experience," Maria said fiercely.

I was about to nod, but I refrained. I became pensive. For a woman of Susie's tender age, she seemed to have had quite a lot of . . . I put aside the thought.

"In five years she will be fat," Maria hissed.

I smiled. "We shall see."

Maria's eyes widened. "You're not thinking of making her one of us?"

"Why not," I said. "I heard there's an opening."

At twelve-thirty I met Susie at the stage door and we took a taxi to her apartment building.

I helped her off with her furs.

"Michael," she said. "I've been thinking over those things you've been telling me."

"Yes?"

She took a breath. "Well, honestly, at first I thought you were just kidding me. Like with that stuff about me not being able to see you in mirrors. I thought it was a party trick, but I wanted

to be sophisticated and not mention it."

"But you're beginning to believe me now?"

"Well, I realized you were different when we were in. . . Sort of perpetual, if you know what I mean."

I nodded modestly.

"And I kept wondering how anybody could get so . . . so good in just one lifetime."

"I was good to start with," I said. I smiled. "Now you believe that I'm a vampire?"

She nodded slowly. "I asked my girl friend and she said anything's possible in New York."

She drew away from me. "You go around killing people. Draining their very life fluid."

I smiled indulgently. "I haven't killed anybody in hundreds of years. I just take a sip here and a sip there, like a bee in a garden. There's no sense in killing the goose that lays the golden eggs."

Susie looked dubious. "I've been feeling weak lately."

"Susie!" I said in a shocked voice. "I haven't touched a drop of you. How could you think such a thing? If you're weak, it's because of some other reason."

"But you make vampires out of people," Susie said. "That isn't nice."

"Only with their consent and even then under our quota system. We can't go around making vampires hither and yon any more. If we did, we'd be knee deep in vampires and we'd all starve."

I moved closer. "Susie, I'm offering you immortality. Just think of it, as a vampire you will always remain as beautiful as you are this moment."

She thought that over. "What's so immortal. All the time you got to worry about people driving stakes into your heart or hiding your coffin."

"Well," I admitted reluctantly. "There are a few casualties here and there."

"And then my hair," Susie said.

"Beautiful," I murmured.

"I mean how will I be able to take care of it if I can't see my reflection in the mirror?"

I moved away from her and lit a cigarette. "There are a few imperfections in everything."

"And then the children," she said. "Can vampires have children?"

"What in the world would you want with children?" I demanded. "We'll have troubles enough of our own." I pulled myself together. "Maybe we can adopt some."

She shook her head. "It wouldn't be the same. Not so emotionally satisfying, I mean. And besides, I've got a baptismal dress that's been handed down from generation to generation for hundreds of years and I hate to break the chain."

I'm afraid I looked a little dangerous.

She backed away. "Beware. I've got a sachet of wolfsbane around my neck."

"That's for werewolves," I snapped peevishly. I took several deep puffs of my cigarette and managed a smile. "You don't have to be afraid of me, Susie."

She smiled tentatively. "Then you aren't mad at me for not wanting to be a vampire?"

It would take time and persuasion, I figured. "Of course not," I said.

She looked relieved. "Couldn't we sort of continue just the way we have been? Have fun, I mean."

It was a pleasant thought. "We'll leave it at that."

I watched her as she slipped out of her clothes.

"For Pete's sake," I said. "Take off the wolfsbane too. I'm allergic to the damn stuff."

Towards morning, Susie began to get sleepy.

I looked at the clock on the dresser. "It's only five."

She stifled a yawn. "I'll have to get used to Eastern Standard Time again."

I sat up abruptly. "Standard Time?" My voice squeaked slightly.

"Yes," Susie said. "Daylight Saving Time expired at midnight. I turned all the clocks back an hour."

I grabbed for my wristwatch on the night table. It said six o'clock. "It's only forty-two minutes until sunrise," I said wildly.

She yawned. "What happens then?"

The shirt buttons gave me trouble. "I turn to ash."

She raised herself on one elbow. "Not on my rug you don't."

I slipped into my jacket and ran for the door.

"Why don't you fly?" Susie asked.

I glared at her. "Just how fast do you think a bat can fly? And besides, all those TV antennas get me so fouled up I get lost."

I wrenched open the hall door and rushed to the elevator. Out on the street I looked desperately for a taxi. A pair of headlights snapped on halfway down the block and a familiar black sedan moved forward.

The front door swung open. "Hurry!" Maria said. "We haven't a moment to spare."

I jumped into the car and pulled the door shut. "Thank Hades," I said fervently. "I thought I was lost." Then I looked at Maria. "So, you were spying on me!"

"Of course," she said matter-of-factly. "And aren't you thankful?"

I admitted it to myself only.

Maria swung into the left lane and passed a truck. "In another ten seconds I would have come up after you."

(Continued on page 68)

break and you're really hungry, you can squeeze in another hamburger a few days a week—just so long as you forget the bun. Tell the shapely waitress to go heavy on the pickles and lettuce, instead. A salad, light on the dressing, will also serve the same purpose. So will a small steak.

And speaking of steaks, it's finally dinnertime—the real gourmet time. If you're at home for supper, here's a brief catalogue of foods which are copacetic:

Meats: all lean meat is great, and most not-so-lean meats are better than almost anything else.

Bread: stick mainly to high protein and pumpernickel.

Cakes and cookies: sponge and angel food, graham crackers.

Cereals: puffed rice, shredded wheat (with wheat germ).

Dairy products: cottage cheese, eggs, skimmed milk.

Desserts: virtually all fresh fruits, from strawberries to rhubarb, kumquat to muskmelon. This also takes care of fruit category.

Fish: pike, perch, pickerel, oysters, lobster, red snapper, trout (lake or brook).

Fowl: broiled chicken, roast pheasant without stuffing.

Soups: barley, bouillon, consomme, noodle, vegetable.

Vegetables: any fresh vegetable, with the exception of all potatoes, yams, rice. Green beans, asparagus, fresh cabbage, celery, lettuce and cucumbers are top-notch. Pickles are good but, for a switch, sweet are better than sour.

Several times a week, however, you

are probably clubbing it with the opposite sex, either for dinner or late evening drinks and snack. If it's a few rounds of drinks and a midnight barbecue that's in the offing, have that hamburger snack at four and then rough it. But if you're eating out at a white tablecloth, if it's two hours past the usual time your stomach knows as dinner, and you're hungry as hell, give one of the following messages to the waiter:

2 drinks

1 cup beef bouillon
broiled lobster with modicum of melted butter, or breaded veal cutlet
corn on the cob, light on the butter
Brussels sprouts
tossed salad with small amount of French dressing

2 protein rolls

chocolate layer cake (no more than once a week)
black coffee or tea

2 drinks

tomato juice
roasted pheasant or filet mignon
peas
cauliflower, topped with small amount of butter
Waldorf salad
2 popovers
baked apple
black coffee or tea

As for drinks and snacks, later on, whether you should or shouldn't depends upon how much exercise you're going to get the following day. Taking off those ten or twenty pounds isn't going to

mean much if flabby skin and undeveloped muscle are the end result. The actual beauty of a high-protein gourmet diet is that it not only takes off weight, but makes that flesh firm in the process. If you figure up the calories of the meals I've outlined, you'll find that they compete favorably with the recommended "calorie diets." A day with this diet runs from 2,000 to 2,500, about 700 below the needs for an average man, and thus a weight loss of about five pounds a month; if you're an extremely big or little guy, you'll have to add or subtract from ten to twenty percent. Our diet, though, has the added advantage of letting you eat, and drink most of what you like, making up for it by going heavy on the protein. But you have to go pretty good on the exercise, too.

I'm the first to realize how odious calisthenics can be, but a few situps, leg raises and toe touches before breakfast or bed can be looked at philosophically. It's best, however, to concentrate on the sport you're best at. Make it a habit to play that set of tennis or take that swim at least once a week, and, though you work up a big thirst afterward, don't drink much. Stay away from the water cooler at the office, too, as a matter of fact, since liquid is the hiding place for fat. When you are thirsty, mix your water with Scotch, gin or the like, and kill two birds with one stone. If exercise gives you an appetite, take lean meat snacks as often as you want—six or seven times a day if necessary. Once in a while, try and make them do for meals.

If you stick to most of the ideas outlined here, you'll make Rock Hudson look bad inside of a few months. It shouldn't be too tough, if live females are as important to you as pink ladies. As I mentioned at the outset, the art of amour is a major part of a diet. Exercise one enjoys can be repeated over and over without fatigue, you know, which brings us back to where we started from: selection is everything.

FLY BY NIGHT

(Continued from page 48)

And then I was struck with a sudden horrible thought.

"Maria," I said hoarsely. "You moved your coffin to the west side. At least seven miles from my apartment. We can't possibly make both places in time."

"No," Maria said. "We couldn't."

I thought furiously. "Perhaps we could both squeeze into my coffin. It will be uncomfortable, but it will have to do."

Maria shook her head. "No, Michael. Your earth comes from the castle at Szarvas, mine from my father's vineyards."

I nodded sadly. That was true. In my coffin, Maria could be picked up with a



vacuum cleaner by tomorrow night. The same applied to me if I shared her coffin.

I sighed. "Well, it's been a merry 326 years for me."

Maria pulled up for a red light. She glanced at me. "What do you mean by that?"

I shrugged. "It's obvious we can't make both apartments in time. We'll go to yours. But please don't save my ashes. I think that's morbid."

There was a soft glow in her eyes. "You would do this for me?"

"Yes."

"But why?"

I folded my arms and stared straight ahead. "Because I am a gentleman and also I love you. You have the louisiest temper of any woman I've ever met, but I love you."

She watched me. "What about Yvette in Paris, Eulalie in Dublin, that Countess What's-her-name in Rome?"

I snapped my fingers. "None of them could be compared to you. Vertically or horizontally."

The light changed and the car moved forward.

Maria smiled faintly. "I think I'll just park somewhere and we can disintegrate together."

I raised a disbelieving eyebrow. "You mean to say that you'd prefer to crumble to dust with me?"

"Yes," she said softly. "I love you always. I couldn't go on without you."

I leaned over and kissed her on the cheek. "No. I won't have it. You enjoy existence too much to go. You're so full of . . . life."

She made a turn.

"Stop," I said. "You're going towards my apartment."

Her eyes sparkled mischievously. "I had my coffin moved back to your apartment earlier this evening."

I took a long breath. "I hope you got pleasure out of almost scaring me to death."

She smiled. "I found out how much you love me. It was worth it."

Maria's coffin was in a large packing case on the living room floor. I got a claw hammer from the kitchen and quickly pried it open.

I lifted the lid and helped Maria in.

She looked up at me. "What about Susie?"

"I'm through with her," I said. "I'm not too sure she really forgot to remind me about Standard Time."

I kissed Maria.

She sighed. "It's rather lonely like this. People very often sleep in double beds, you know."

I smiled. "I'll see a carpenter the first thing tomorrow evening."

I kissed her once again and went to the coffin in my bedroom for a good day's rest.

OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

(Continued from page 15)

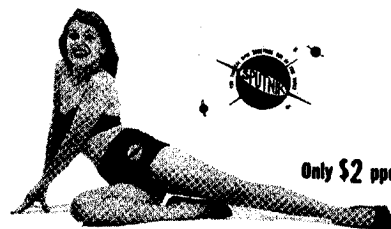
But it would be hard to match the sheer effort of another fraternity in its "Around the World in Eighty Days" Party. They grabbed camera, color film, and sound equipment, and whipped up their own version of the Mike Todd production. Time and money being a factor, their location was naturally limited to the confines of the OSU campus (with a rowboat trip across the Mirror Lake "Sea"). With the whole parody developed, they threw a premiere for dates and friends. Other parties of note included the TEKEhouse of the August Moon, the Sigma Phi Epsilon Haunted House Party (with pledges in caskets), and the annual Damon Runyon Party of Zeta Beta Tau (all proceeds going to the cancer fund).

Recently a new form of all-campus party has evolved. With the frequency of fires in the campus Armory, student-observer turnout has been amazing. When the building was almost razed last year it was decided to complete the job by machine, only to have another fire finish the job with student encouragement of "Firemen go home!" The Sundial took advantage of the situation by printing spot cards with odds on the next buildings to burn.

The title of biggest man on campus would certainly go to trackman Glen Davis, OSU's double world's record holder. As if two records weren't enough, Davis was a gold medal winner in the 1956 Olympics, and won both the 400-meter run and the 400-meter hurdles in the Russian-American meet in Moscow in 1958. During the 1959 season, Davis set a new indoor conference record for individual scoring in one meet, and won the AAU Sullivan Award for the greatest amateur athlete of the year.

Ohio State failed to turn in a performance on the football field equal to 1957's Rose Bowl winning season. Still, the driving play of All-Americans Bob White and Jim Huston kept the Buckeyes among the top teams in the nation. OSU turned out several other All-Americans recently: Fred Keller and Jon Mercer, co-captains of the lacrosse team; and Don Harper, a member of the All-American gymnastic team, the Olympic diving team, and the holder of the national AAU indoor three-meter springboard title.

Recently the faculty has undergone sharp criticism (and perhaps an equal amount of praise) for its decision to vote "no" on the Rose Bowl pact renewal. With an eye to the betterment of the academic situation, OSU joined with Notre Dame, the Ivy League, and the Army and Navy in opposing all bowl



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